The Heart of the Master and The Five Symbols

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The Heart of the Master

TO THOSE WHO SEEK THE GATE OF
GOLDEN SILENCE

THE HEART OF THE MASTER

Dost thou desire to approach more nearly to the Master's thought, O disciple? Enter then the Hall of Silence, and, resting in its golden glow, learn somewhat of Him whom thou dost serve afar off. Draw near, for each disciple is dear to Him and well-beloved, is watched, guided, and helped on the entrance to that "Path sharp as the edge of a razor which each must tread" who sets foot on the path of renunciation; for He too has trod that *Via dolorosa.* He too has walked

in the shadow, with feet that were bathed in the blood of the heart.

Having entered within that Hall and meditating with love, devotion and reverence upon Him, see shining forth from the heart of the Master, *Sympathy*—the sympathy which is divine understanding of the sorrows and weaknesses of each disciple, nay more, far more, of each struggling member of the great human brotherhood.

Sympathy is rooted in experience; the Master *knows*, and each pang finds an echo in His divine heart.

It was written of the Christ, that He looked upon the multitudes and "had compassion on them". He

sympathised with their hunger, their fatigue, with their longing to stay with Him and drink in yet more of His great teaching; but their flesh cried aloud at the strain to which they had subjected it, and so, He had compassion on them.

The instances of His sympathy might be multiplied—"He wept"; "He mourned" over hard and pharisaical Jerusalem.

An eastern stanza says: "Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye," so keen is the sympathy that the Master enjoins on the disciple for the suffering of *others*. Therefore, O aspirant!

behold the heart of thy Master filled with sympathy so divine, so healing, that all who lift the eyes of the soul to Him in sorrow, in trial and temptation, in fiercest battle, or wild storm, must needs feel waves of His sympathy lifting and helping even in the darkest night of the soul's Gethsemane.

Take thou that great lesson, and learn from Him the full and deep meaning of divine sympathy with all who suffer, and also with all who rejoice, for both are equally in need.

For this He remains in touch with the race and pours from His great heart an eternal river of glowing

light—His tender sympathy. If thou would'st be His true disciple, then let thy heart be warm with sympathy for all who suffer—for all who rejoice. 'Tis a flower culled in the Heaven-world to brighten the dull hues of earth. It blossoms in the heart of the Master.

Once again raise reverent eyes to the Master's heart and see! this time it is *Joy*. A great Initiate has written: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, waiting." Yet from the great heart of thy Master ever wells forth an eternal fount of joy, pure, deep. He poureth out on all the worlds His great river of joy.

The rosy dawn flashes it forth. The tumultuous waves breaking on the shining sands murmur of joy. The rivers rippling with a thousand lights, or roaring and foaming in ceaseless motion sing of joy. The trees of the forest, as they rustle, whisper joy. The grand and solitary mountain-heights touch the zenith and nadir of the joy which fills the Master's heart. Every bird that trills in leafy bowers sings joy; every flower of varying tints smiles out joy, joy, joy!

Since we are children of the Lord of Light, sons and daughters by direct descent of one whose glory is unlimited, we too have deep cause

for joy. Pilgrims are we, yet on our way home; therefore joy should fill our hearts.

Learn then, O disciple! that to thee joy is a duty. If thou would'st be like the Master, cultivate this joyous spirit; feel the deep joy of life; *express* the joy of thy Lord; pour out all the powers thou hast in joy to each sad soul who comes to thee for comfort, for help, for courage; pour out joy and again joy.

For the heart of the Master is filled with deepest joy. May His joy rest upon thee and fill thee with delight in all beauty of sound, of colour, and of form in the seven worlds, with the joy of the Eternal

Spirit that knows only joy in the Presence of the One.

Again of old it was written, "God is Love"; and yet one more glimpse into the heart of the Master reveals the great fact that the root of sympathy is *Love*. The source of joy is love—love that is divine in its nature—love that is rooted in the One--love that is enduring as the Eternal One—love that is sacrifice—love that is the cause of the great renunciation for the sake of others. "Love thinketh no evil—Love suffereth long and is kind" as wrote another disciple; for love is the fulfilling of the law. And now, O beloved disciple! resting in the

golden Hall of Silence, be still, and feel the vibrations of love throbbing and quivering out through all the great cosmic planes; for all love has its source in the flaming Heart of Love, from whence thy Master's heart caught fire.

And understand, O chela, as thou dost meditate on thy Master of Love, that only in selfless love for all created things and beings, canst thou become one with Him who is rooted in Love.

This Love that lives in the Master's heart, enfolds this earth like a veil; it wraps itself round the entire world so that knowing, or unknowing, all that have the breath

of life must needs "live and move and have their being" in it.

Love compelled the Buḍḍha "to seek for the ceasing of sorrow, and for sorrow's cure".

Love heals all sorrow.

No evil thought can enter into the heart of one who aspires to be a disciple of love. Kindness, gentleness, courtesy, selflessness, humility and a very fine courage, are the children born of love.

Bow thy face with reverence before the pure flames of love now revealed to thee as the centre of thy Master's heart.

Dwell thou within His Temple of Love—take thy vow as His priest,

His messenger of love, to minister to the Brotherhood of Humanity.

His love rest on thee, and remain with thee through the ages—aye, even to the final consummation of all things.

Yet once again, O disciple! look and learn; behold another facet in the diamond heart of the Master, for now it flashes forth a godlike *Courage*! He who would win to the light must have courage of a high character, and before the Master Himself could 'attain,' His courage had to be developed, to grow and strengthen, else had He been but grovelling in the mire of earth's dark places. To dare all,

is to gain all. He fought alone, unaided through the battle-fields of all the worlds, that He might know just how to aid the weaker brothers striving behind Him on the war-path.

Undaunted by fierce opponents or by failures many, 'in perils oft,' His courage grew and grew, and now thou seest it fine, strong, and true.

Take then fresh heart, O fainting one, buckle on fresh armour! turn thou brave and true, and take example from that strong heart! What though the fight be fierce and long? What though the mountain-heights be towering to the clouds and distant far, and great

rocks cut thy weary feet? Thy watchword must ever be: Onward still and upward; for this is the path the Master trod. See here is His blood upon the stones, and there He fainting lay; and here He turned aside awhile almost forgetting His great destiny, so weary was He of the ever seeking, seeking days. Yet His great heart fresh courage took, and on He went till He attained the heights; but greater heights loom yet again before His gaze, and on and up He ever goes, nor stays but to help His toiling brothers, lingering far behind.

Ever thus, O aspirant! must thou endure, meditate upon His strength

and look once more into His deep courageous heart; and find yet another shining jewel to gaze upon—*divinest Patience.* The gentle dove of patience, nestling close down beside the giant courage, without this patience, what hope would trembling chelas have? Again, 'twas said by One in Galilee: "Behold I stand and knock; if any man open the door I will come in and make my abode with him." What sweet patience, this waiting for hard hearts to open doors—no forcing here; for neither Master, nor Buḍḍha, nor Kṛṣhṇa, Lord of all that breathes, may force the soul's locked door; and nought

remains but patience meekly to wait. And finding thus, this sweet virtue in the Master's heart, O devotee, no more canst thou impatient be; however long the answer tarries, only a gentle waiting, a patience divine, learned from thy Master, will become thee. When thou'rt tempted sore to hasty action, or uncourteous speech, bethink thee, of the gentle figure, thy Master, standing again, and yet again, beside some fast-closed door, waiting—waiting—with longing that the seeking soul may quick unbar it.

Or if some wilful soul desires to stray in ignorance of the pitfalls

hidden in the flowery way, how patiently the Master waits to help and lift. Truly as one has said, "when the disciple is ready, the Master is"—waiting, waiting—sublime ideal of divinest patience.

To all beings, Peace, Peace, Peace.

And now behold, O warrior in life's battle-field, all weary with the strain and stress of ceaseless fight, longing for rest and quietude! the Master shows thee—*Peace*.

The Hall of Silence holds thee fast, its golden light has healing power, its very atmosphere is rest, well-earned, and through it sounds a soft and silvery note.

It is singing from the Master's Heart—the sound, sweet sound of Peace.

"The Peace that passeth all understanding," the peace He gives to all His pledged disciples who reach His heart of love; and when He gives His peace, naught in all the worlds will have power to disturb or wound the heart that rests on Him.

The aspirant, feeling this Peace in his inmost soul, becomes at once a messenger of peace to troubled souls, a bringer of harmony from earth's jarring discords; for he seeks the Master's heart of peace, not for himself, but that through

him peace may come to those who need—the sick and dying ones—the tempted and the striving ones—all; all must for a moment feel the great vibration of the Master's peace.

This sweet glimpse into the Master's jewelled heart is written down for those who seek, that they may know how dear they are to that Divine and Holy One, how watched, how helped in their hours of direst need, that they may feel their mission all afresh to be His channels to the race.

To all beings; Peace, Peace, Peace.

The Five Symbols

TO ALL WHO SEEK:
THE GREETING OF PEACE

THE FIVE SYMBOLS

It is well that all who would tread the Path to the three great Initiations should learn the meaning of the Five Symbols.

These are not easily learned—but only when the disciple has in some measure the control of the lower bodies—when he has learned the value and use of deep meditation.

The physical body must be pure, fed on sāṭṭvic food. Honey, milk or water, and fruit only should be taken, so that building the body of fine, pure, and harmonious food, it may the more easily lend itself

to the finer and higher vibrations of the inner planes. Pure thoughts must produce pure actions. Having harmonised the astral and mental bodies, seek to attune the buḍḍhic body, by devotion and loving service, to the wonderful vibrations of that high state.

Then with every sheath stilled, and in harmonious vibration—with the heart set in love to the great Lord of Light, enter the Hall of Silence in deep meditation and there behold that symbol known to all members of the Brotherhood as—*The Flaming Sword.* What is it ? It darts hither, thither with incredible speed—flaming—flashing forth in

radiance unimaginable as it pierces through the measureless space, as it touches worlds as yet unborn on the physical plane.

The Soul shrinks back appalled by the living whirling flame—yet, disciple, fear not! Its message is *Life*—for this is the Sword of the Spirit. It guards the portals of the golden gate of Initiation; nor ever can the candidate enter until this flaming sword has pierced to every dark and hidden corner of his aspiring heart—till every sin has been pierced and slain—till the roots of each unsuspected evil have been cut, once and for ever, by this searching sword of the Spirit.

For the Spirit is divine—its message and mission the destruction of wrong-doing, the slaying of hatred, the keen piercing of every thought that is tainted with impurity, malice and self-righteousness. And as it slays the evil—uncovers the hidden sin—it gives *Life* to the divine Self in the aspirant and clears the way for the growth of the divine Life, for the blooming of the heaven flowers of Love, Purity, Truth, Devotion, Gentleness and Service.

Fear not, then, the searchings of the sword of the Spirit—the flaming sword which guards the portals of Initiation.

Meditate—think deeply and see that it opens the gate to him who is ready for the next step on the 'razor-edged Path'.

The divine spark in man is but the reflection, the faint reflection, of the divine Spirit of the Cosmos.

The Flaming Sword sheds light in the darkest depths of all things both cosmic and terrestrial, yea, even into the hidden places of that complex heart of man wherein, from all the ages past, are gathered the vast rubbish heaps of numberless lives.

Its work then is cleansing, destroying, and life-giving. Bare then, O disciple, thine inmost self to

its flaming darts; be thankful when it cuts deep at the root of some cherished weakness, for then only canst thou see clearly the second symbol, which faces thee and all other aspirants in the Hall of Silence —*The Cross of Light.* Different indeed is this second symbol. Soft rosy light streams forth in every direction in rivers of radiance—such living radiance as is only found on the higher planes. And oh! wonder of wonders, the Cross is One—and yet it is innumerable! On each cross a living soul is bound in glad and loving surrender—for this is the ancient, ever new symbol of Initiation. They who lie thereon have

renounced for ever the lower self, the earth and its joys, the astral world and its keen pleasures of desire, the mental world and its entrancing enticements of intellect. All, all is crucified, renounced, save the one fixed point, to do His will, to serve, wherever and whenever He desires.

The streaming light is soft and healing, it falls alike on the good and on the evil; and *where* it falls, it heals and soothes. It warms and cherishes into life each half-formed longing for the Divine One, for the better life, so that the selfish grow to see the beauty of selflessness and haters begin to love in

that warm streaming glow. The godless think of God; the cruel feel the deep stirrings of the spirit of kindness and sympathy; and all the human race is lifted—helped and healed by that forth-streaming Light.

This living Cross shines above the worlds—One—yet many—the symbol of renunciation. Meditate, O earnest heart, on this great law of sacrifice and understand why the cross has ever ruled all times—all nations from the earliest dawn of history.

Yea, it is all this, but it is more—far more. Its living radiance hangs unknown in measureless depths of

darkest space. Great Angels and Ḍevas go forth upon its shining ways to their mighty work in the evolution of universes. They veil their eyes and bow in deepest adoration at this sign, which yet even *they* have not understood.

The Cross of Light Eternal lives. Accept then with grateful heart thy cross, aspiring one! and nailing to it all thy lower self, send forth thy higher self bathed in its glorious light to work thy Master's will in the three words!

Thus shalt thou be slowly trained to selfless love so that with clear-eyed vision it will be possible for thee to see—*The Mystic Star.*

The candidate now stands where *His* Star shines forth—who is the great Initiator—the One—who remains in touch with this earth till humanity has reached to perfect manhood. As its throbbing light first touches the form of the one who has dared, so long and so far, to follow the narrow Path, lo, a change takes place and the disciple no longer fears—Peace that passeth knowledge has bathed him in its waves.

None can hinder now; and once that Star is seen—and understood—the Self, the Monad, takes charge and consciousness is one.

None can stand in the light of that Star save with cleansed feet,

purified heart, and soul aflame with love.

The Mystic Star is the symbol of love beyond all human thought, love poured out on all the worlds from the living heart that throbs through countless universes. It is the symbol of glory unrevealed to mortal man. To him who sees it shining forth, all paths are open; and from that Mount of Initiation returns he with shining face, with strength divine, with sympathy so keen, that all who draw near to him feel its throb of love, of help.

Of the inner meaning of that Star and its marvellous glory and

grandeur, it is not permitted to speak or write in human words.

In silence then, once more meditate, until some gleam of its unrevealed glory touches with divine fire thy Spirit's highest Self. "Mighty Lord and Protector! Great Sacrifice! Lord of Splendour and of Light whose hidden Name no man may utter! to Thee be Glory, Honour, Praise! Thy Star shines forth; we worship and adore!"

* * * * *

And as they worship—Hierarchs, Angels, Ṛṣhis, Masters, Initiates—a greater symbol slowly forms, an upward-pointing Triangle of living gold. The very highest symbol this

—*save One*. This is the Trinity, the One in Three, Creator, Preserver, Destroyer, by whom all became, all live, all cease to be. Mystery divine, past human thought indeed!

In meditation's deepest depth the Spirit lifts itself beyond the realm of thought, and glimpses from afar the meaning of the "*Three in One*".

Something dawns upon the waiting soul, intangible, mysterious, glory beyond all glory, it is the *meaning* of *Unity*, of Brotherhood; the meaning of creation, of life, of death, of all sweet sounds, of richest waves of living colour, of love supreme beyond all telling, of Sacrifice Divine that gives itself,

withholding naught, to all who need.

Bathed in the ocean of light from that Golden Triangle, the Spirit is swept onward, upward, to the Eternal Heart that beats through all the universes. Who shall know, who shall describe this Hidden Mystery?

The golden Hall of Silence grows dim indeed before this awful glory, this infinite splendour; and yet, beyond, the last great symbol crowns the unmeasured space.

The higest that can be known or even partially revealed to man is this—*the Point within the Circle*—the symbol given by that great Chief from Venus, to describe the

Great Manifested One and His limitation. And in the ancient races many a one used this symbol in its priesthood, all unknowing of its deepest meaning.

To the Atlanteans who preceded the Toltec, this was the sign of a high Initiation in their temple rites and those who used it were called the Children of the Sun.

In meditation when the Spirit of the Initiate becomes one with its Father-God and sweeps to regions unexplored, where are those things not lawful to be uttered, *something* of the meaning of this Great sign reaches the Monad. For it is beyond the knowledge of the greatest

of the Sons of Fire to know the height and depth of this great sign. Only *those*, who, through innumerable experiences of pain, sacrifice and devotion, have reached the portal of the golden gate, may even dimly see its meaning.

No more may be said. Meditate, O true-hearted one, in the golden Hall of Silence ; and perchance enlightenment may come, if thou art found worthy, and hast gone along the sharp-edged path far enough to touch the distant fringe of its outer meaning. Peace to thee—Peace to all.

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These excerpts are from an occult library and are for all who truly

seek, all who are bent on approaching the first of the three Great Initiations which lie ahead of all Accepted Pupils.

Meditation will reveal much that may not be written down.

By the stress and strain of daily life must each prepare for the Work that lies ahead.

At every step the Helper waits; the disciple is never alone.

Two things are needed. Devotion —and the Will to Serve.

Peace—and again, Peace.

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